

"A Merry Christmas from the Byers family." by willthewise

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Byeler - Freeform, Jopper, Multi

Language: English

Characters: Eleven (Stranger Things), Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Mike Wheeler, Will Byers

Relationships: Eleven & Mike Wheeler, Eleven/Mike Wheeler, Joyce Byers & Jim "Chief" Hopper, Joyce Byers/Jim "Chief" Hopper, Will Byers & Mike Wheeler, Will Byers/Mike Wheeler

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2017-12-07

Updated: 2017-12-07

Packaged: 2022-04-03 05:15:13

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: Underage

Chapters: 4

Words: 3,541

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

A 5 chapter fanfiction that starts with Mike spending some days on the Byers' house during the Christmas break.

1. Chapter 1

Saturday, December 21. 03:21am.

“GO AWAY!” Will yelled as he slept.

Mike, woke up scared with his friend screaming in the middle of the night, got up quickly, put his hands on Will’s shoulders and shook him.

“Will,” Mike said. “wake up!”

“What?” Will sat up in the bed.

“You screamed!” Mike sat on the edge of the bed.

“Did I?” Will said.

“Yes, you scared the shit out of me!”

“I’m sorry!”

“Another nightmare?” Mike asked.

“I don’t know...”

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2. "I'll hold your hand because if something tries to get you, it'll have to take me with you."

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"Did I?" Will said.

"Yes, you scared the shit out of me!"

"I'm sorry!"

"Another nightmare?" Mike asked.

"I don't know..."

"But you're ok?"

"I guess so!" Will said. "And I'm sorry again!"

"No problem bud."

Will covered himself and Mike lay back on the mattress next to Will's bed. A few minutes passed and both Mike and Will were awake but in silent.

"Mike?"

"Yea ..."

“Are you awake?”

“Yes ...” Mike said. “Insomnia?”

“No ...” Will turned to the other side of the bed where he could see Mike. “I’m sleepy but I... I’m afraid of sleeping.”

“Afraid?” Mike opened his eyes and looked at Will.

“Yes, I’m afraid to sleep again and... I don’t know... see something... well, you know ...”

“Will... you don’t have to be afraid, I’m here with you, and nothing bad will happen.” Mike sat down on the mattress. “For real. Don’t worry.”

“You’re right... good night!” Will said and lay down on his belly.

“Good night!” Mike said, lying down again.

30 minutes passed and Will still had not shutted his eyes for a slip second, he was staring at the ceiling and wiggling his entangled fingers.

“Will?” Mike said in a sleepy voice.

“Uh-yea?” Will replied.

“Haven’t you slept yet?”

“I can’t...”

“I told you, nothing bad is going to happen, I’m here, right by your side-”

“Mike, I know! But what if you don’t have time to get me? And if the thing get me fas-”

“Hey,” Mike knelt in front of Will, who was still lying down. “Nothing will happen! Let’s do it like this, I’ll hold your hand because if something tries to get you, it’ll have to take me with you.”

Will nodded. Mike laied down and gave out his hand to Will, who

took it and went back to lie down on his stomach - as he had always used to sleep. After a few minutes holding hands, Mike began to stroke Will's hand that was shaking but Mike didn't know if Will was shaking because he was afraid or if he was cold.

"Why are you shaking?" Mike asked.

"Cold ..." Will said. "Now this won't let me sleep!"

"Get one of my blankets, I'm not even that cold!"

"Of course I won't take your blanket, you'll freeze to death."

"I won't... you can take it!"

"Let's do it like this, you lie here with me, and no one gets cold ..."
Will suggested with fear of his friend's reaction. "You sleep with your head on the bottom of the bed..."

"No... not like that!" Mike said standing up with the two blankets in his hands.

Mike spread the covers over Will, who lifted them up so that Mike could lie down with him. Mike laid next to Will, shoulder to shoulder.

"You don't mind, right?" Mike asked.

"No, it's okay!" Will said.

"Still cold?" Mike asked.

"No," Will replied. "but I feel bad for you, it's not very comfortable..."

It was silent for a few seconds.

"If we like c-cuddle, the space will increase and the cold will decrease..." Mike suggested.

Will felt like he had an ice in his stomach, as if all the covers had been taken and he was in the wind, outside.

“Uh- I don’t, I mean-” Will said. “It’s fine by me...”

“Okay!” Mike said, turning around and hugging his friend by the waist.

Will felt that he was about to throw up his heart out, Mike, his best friend, the person who made his heart beat faster, was there, hugging him, cuddling him so he would not feel cold. His gasping breath delivered what he was feeling and he could feel Mike’s breath on his neck, enough to make him feel better, safe, ready to sleep, after all, while Mike was there, nothing bad would happen to him.

“Good night Will.”

“Good night Mike ...”

3. “you haven’t touched your food, are you alright?”

Saturday, December 21, 09:40am.

The smell of biscuits and eggnog filled the Byers’ house, Joyce was the only one awake - she had left the breakfast ready, a real feast, biscuit, eggnog, bread, milk, coffee, tea, cereal, pancakes, eggos, bacon and everything a hungry person could crave. She left everything arranged on the table - and now the table looked like a real royal banquet. Joyce picked up her cigarette and a cup of coffee and went to the balcony of the house. He took the camel’s 99 from the pack, took it to her lips and dragged as much smoke as she could. Her goal was to stop smoking but she couldn’t, not that week, it was christmas week and Joyce will give special dinner to their friends’ families and wanted to make a good impression and especially as a thank you to Will’s friends who never rested until they saw her son safe and sound.

The door opened and Hopper stepped outside onto the balcony with a glass of coffee in his hand and his cigarette in between his lips and joined his "wife".

“Hey!” Jim kissed Joyce’s forehead.

“Good morning ...” Joyce said. “Aren’t you freezing?”

“Cold is psychological!” Jim said with a smile.

“Sure is!” Joyce rolled her eyes, laughing. “I’m going to wake up the kids!”

Joyce entered the house, went to the kitchen to check if everything was the “perfect” way and went up the stairs to wake up “the children”. He opened Eleven’s bedroom door, who was still sleeping.

“El, sweetie,” Joyce approached the girl’s bed and with a soft brush on her head said. “Time to wake up.” Eleven grunted still asleep. “I made you some eggos ...” Joyce said.

Eleven opened her eyes quickly. “I’m on my way.”

Joyce got up and went to the door and closed it, the next one was Jonathan, who no longer lived with his mother and Hopper because he was going to college in another city but was at home because of the Christmas recess.

“Jonath-” Joyce opened the door without knocking and found the eldest son making some collages with some photos for an essay. “Why am I not surprised to see you stuck in books?” Jonathan just laughed. “Coffee’s ready, I want you downstairs in 5 minutes.”

“Ok, mom ...” Jonathan said as Joyce closed the door.

She loved to see the house full like it was on that day, it was Joyce’s greatest feeling to be with the people she loved. Joyce walked back to the hall and went to Will’s room.

“Boys,” Joyce opened the door - without knocking, and entered the boy’s room. “Time to wak-”

Will and Mike jumped, both were startled by Joyce entering the room without knocking and seeing them lying together, sharing the bed. Joyce stood in the doorway of the room with her mouth half-open and eyes wide open in surprise with the scene she had just seen, her son and his best friend cuddling, sleeping in the same bed.

“I’m sorry, I should have knocked,” Joyce said. “Coffee’s ready.” Joyce slammed the door to the bedroom and put her hands on her head, still shocked at what she had just seen.

She ran down the stairs and went straight to the balcony.

“Babe?” Jim - who was sitting at the table with El and Jonathan - said as he saw Joyce striding past, almost as if she were running.

Joyce still surprised, lit a cigarette, and remained there, smoking as she watched the snow fall on the lawn.

Mike went downstairs in silence and headed to the table where Hopper, El, and Jonathan were.

"Mike," Jonathan, who was sitting by El's side, stood up as he sipped his coffee. "you can sit here with Eleven!"

"You don't need Jonathan ..." Mike said as he sat on the other side of the table, in silence.

"Uh..." Jonathan looked at El who savored his eggo pile. "Okay then." And he sat back down next to his "sister".

Mike took a glass of milk and began to sip it in silence.

Will - who looked whiter than usual - came down the stairs and sat next to Mike.

"Where's mom?" Will said.

"Outside." El, Jonathan and Jim said at the same time.

"O-okay." Will said as he picked up a cup of coffee.

"Pure coffee?" Hopper said with a big smile on his face. "That's my boy!"

Will shyly smiled. Joyce walked in and sat on the table, Will and Mike stared at her - who began to eat. The conversation started flowing and everyone was talking except Will and Mike who could not even look at each other, both were staring at the dishes that were still empty.

"Will," Jonathan said, getting his brother to look up at him. "you haven't touched your food yet, are you alright?"

"He must be in love," Jim said with a laugh, he loved to pick on Will - like a father always does. "Look at his face."

Will almost spat out all the coffee in his mouth.

"Uh, yes, I'm fine!" Will said as he wiped his chin.

"I made the cookies you both like, are not you going to try it?" Mike and Will looked at Joyce.

“Of course!” Mike said, picking up a biscuit and bringing to his mouth.

Will also took the biscuit and took a few bites, and indeed, of all the food his mother made, the biscuits were Will’s favorite.

“It’s awesome mom, as always!” Will said.

Joyce placed her hand on Will’s face, brushing it, and winked at Will. The little boy was afraid of his mother’s reaction, what if she was just like his father? What if she hit him? What if she kicks him out of the house? But to Will’s relief, she understood what happened that night, and if she had misinterpreted it, she accepted and didn’t scold Will for doing what he did.

Will nudged Mike - who was by his side - making the boy look down. Mike let out a little smile as he saw Will’s thumb raised - which showed Mike that everything was just fine.

“Why are you smiling?” Eleven said, making everyone look at Mike.

“What? Uh...” Mike stopped smiling when noticed that everyone was looking at him. “Nothing, I mean, these cookies are really awesome!”

Damn, that was close. Mike thought and went back to sipping his milk.

A few minutes passed and finally Will and Mike were “acting normal” again. Everyone was talking and acting as always. Eleven was still eating her Eggs, Jim reading the newspaper, Jonathan taking notes on his notebook, Will and Mike talking about plans to find Dustin and Lucas in the arcade later that day and Joyce was just watching everyone eating while she was sipping the coffee, slightly sweet with two sugar rocks .

“It’s so cold in here,” Will said.

“I’ll raise the heater!” Joyce said, standing up.

“No!” Will said. “It’s because I’m not using any socks ...”

“Are you sure, sweetie?”

“Yea! Thanks!” Will smiled.

Mike slid his foot into Will’s foot - and he could see that Will’s foot was actually freezing - and caress his friend’s foot to try to make it warm, *if that...*

4. "Is he cute?"

Sunday, December 22, 02:34 am.

The icy wind was coming through the window of Will's room, and Mike could feel the tip of his nose freezing but at that moment it didn't matter, Mike was sleepless, he could only think of his broke-up with Eleven and how confused he was with everything that was happening - especially on that week. Mike stood there for a good 45 minutes staring at the ceiling, sleepless then decided to have a glass of milk to see if he could at least get some rest.

He got up, went to the door trying to make the least amount of noise, opened the door of Will's room, every millimeter that he opened he turned to see if Will had moved or woke up, fortunately not. Mike strode along the hallway, and again, trying to make the least amount of noise. He went downstairs and headed for the kitchen. He took a glass from the cupboard and opened the refrigerator, looking for milk. As soon as he found it, he put some in the glass and took a couple of sips, but one thing caught Mike's attention - making his whole body stiff with fear. He heard steps, two in the morning, the boy didn't know what could be, but he knew it was no good.

Mike, frightened, tried to peer through the kitchen window to see if he could see anyone or anything but didn't succeed, so he approached the back door to see if he could hear any noise and again, was unsuccessful.

There was nothing Mike could do, he thought about going back to Will's room but if something bad happened he would feel guilty for the rest of his life. He thought of calling Hopper, but it could be nothing, which would be worse because Mike thought Hopper didn't like him but deep down he knew that Hopper looked tough because he was afraid of Mike hurting his daughter.

After a few minutes of thinking what to do, Mike chose the wiser option - in his head, if he went outside and something happened to him the problem was only his. Mike took a deep breath, took one last sip of the milk - finishing it - and headed for the door. He put his hand on the doorknob and opened the door quickly and to his

surprise, it was just Jonathan.

“Jonathan?” Mike said, causing Joyce’s firstborn to jump and turn back.

“Mike?” Jonathan looked at Mike, who was standing there in the doorway, looking confused.

“What are you doing here?” Mike asked.

“Uh.” Jonathan stubbed out the cigarette and it was obvious to Mike the reason why he was out there in the middle of the night.

“You smoke? Since when? “Jonathan remained quiet. “Chill, I will not tell anyone, I don’t even know why you guys smoke, the smell is horrible and it’s bad for you...” Mike concluded.

“I know it’s bad...” Jonathan said as he opened his pack of cigarettes. “But it calms me down, for real, it’s the only thing that calms me down.”

“How so?” Mike asked as Jonathan put the cigarette between his lips and lit it with a drag.

“Whenever I’m stressed out,” Jonathan said as he dragged the smoke of his cigar. “I smoke a cigarette and it helps me stay calm and relaxed.” Mike still didn’t understand how anyone could put something in his body knowing that it was bad for you but decided not to ask again. “What about you, why are you awake?”

“Me?” Mike said. “I don’t know, I couldn’t sleep.”

“Bet you have too many things going on your head...” Jonathan said with a slight tone of irony. “I noticed you were very quiet indeed.”

“Uh, I don’t know.”

“Is it something with El?” Jonathan asked.

“Not really,” Mike said. “but we’re not together anymore she just wants to be with Max now, we’ve distanced ourselves and in the end, we were just good friends.”

“At least you didn’t break up, whatever you had, in a bad way...”

“Yeah...” Mike looked down.

“C’mon, it’s not just that,” Jonathan said. “You can tell me, little brother.” Will looked at Jonathan with an ugly face as Jonathan laughed. “Is it something with Will?” He asked, and Mike remained silent.

Jonathan saw that Mike didn’t want to tell him about what was happening.

“Dude, for real, you can tell me, I won’t tell anyone.” Jonathan placed his hand on Mike’s knee.

“I don’t know Jonathan.”

“Seriously, I won’t tell anyone!”

“No, it’s not about that...” Mike said and Jonathan looked at him. “I don’t know if I’m sad or happy to break up with El.”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean,” Mike said. “I don’t like her in that way anymore...”

“Keep going...”

“And I don’t know how I feel about all this.”

“All this?” Mike nodded. “All this what?” Jonathan questioned. “Oh...” Jonathan raised his eyebrows, surprised. “you like another girl...”

Mike looked down again, he didn’t felt comfortable opening up, especially at that moment, with Jonathan.

“Not really,” Mike began to speak. “But there’s this one person...”

“That’s great...” Jonathan said. “I mean, I guess...”

“But I don’t know if the person feels the same way I do,” Mike said.

Person? Jonathan thought.

“Dude,” Jonathan said. “These things are weird, I know, the person may feel the same thing but might be afraid or may not feel the same thing you feel.”

“Great, anyway, I’m fucked.” Mike said and Jonathan let out a small laugh out his lips.

“No, it’s not like that...” Jonathan said. “Everyone has their own time!”

“Yeah, I don’t know...” Mike said.

“But tell me,” Jonathan said as he lit another cigarette. “Who is it?”

“I’m won’t tell you!” Mike laughed.

“Let’s do it like this then...” Jonathan said as he took a cigarette from the pack. “I’ll give you a cigarette to calm you down, but I’ll ask you a few questions, you don’t have to tell me who it is...” Mike, suspicious, took the cigarette from Jonathan’s hand.

“Okay...” Mike nodded.

“Hair color, brown, blonde or red?”

“Brown.”

“Same age as you?”

“A few months younger ...”

“Okay...” Jonathan said as he smoked. “Have I met?”

“Yes...” Jonathan was asking and Mike was answering right away.

“Eye color?”

“Hazel...”

“Is he cute?”

“Yes...” Mike said without hesitation. Jonathan laughed and Mike - when he realized he had said too much, opened his eyes, startled. “No, I-I mean ...”

Jonathan took the cigarette from Mike’s hand, placed it in his mouth, lit it, and handed it back to Mike, who was red with embarrassment.

“Good night Mike,” Jonathan still laughing told the boy. “Oh, and I didn’t give you that cigarette.”

“Wait,” Mike said, making Jonathan look back to the boy. “Do-don’t tell anyone, please!”

“I won’t!” Jonathan said. “Oh, by the way, drag the smoke into your mouth and breath it in.” And closed the door, leaving Mike alone.

Mike was feeling hella stupid, he had just confessed to his “brother-in-law” that he had feelings for another boy, he had a cigarette in his hand, the smell of the cigarette was already all over him.

“How am I so stupid?” Mike said softly looking at the cigarette. “Fuck it.”

Mike picked up the cigarette and took it awkwardly between his lips, dragged the smoke, and as soon as the smoke hit his throat, left his mouth in the same speed with a few coughs, causing the boy to turn red, but this time for almost drowning. Mike almost threw the cigarette out but tried to take another drag, after all, everyone smoked, and he never saw anyone drowning. Again, he put the cigarette back in his mouth and swallowed, but this time, he almost coughed but resisted, and stayed there, one drag at a time, after a few minutes the cigarette was gone, Mike burned the cigarette in the ashtray and as soon as he got up from the bench he felt his head spin, the boy was so dizzy he felt that the world had turned upside down.

“Wow!” Mike said.

He placed his hand on his forehead, closed his eyes, waited a few seconds, and when he opened it, everything was fine, without getting dizzy. Mike was careful to go back to the room, he was afraid of getting dizzy again and rolling down the stairs.

Mike opened the door to Will's room and stepped into the room with caution to not wake his friend, who had been asleep for hours. Mike closed the door, approached the bed where Will was sleeping and stood for a few seconds looking at his friend, sleeping, like a baby. The boy didn't resist, came up and gave Will a kiss on the boy's rosy cheek, and lay down on the mattress beside Will's bed.

Mike covered himself and closed his eyes, lying on his stomach.

"Good night Mike..." To Mike's surprise, Will was awake, Mike felt like the world was ending, he was dizzy again, he felt his head warm and his body colder than before.

"Uh," Mike hissed. "G-go-good night!"

"Sleep tight, do not let the bedbugs bite," Will said. "or kiss, you never know." Will let out a quiet giggle.

"Y-yea... you too!" Will said, very embarrassed, but still, with a shy smile.